

P O E M of Congratulation

On the Happy Return of His Grace

J A M E S

Duke of Monmouth.

Welcom [*Illustrious Monmouth*] to our Shore ;
Thy Foes were Rich, and all thy Friends were
Poor

In thy late Absence. *Britain* now can smile
Since thy Return from thy too long Exile.
Charles (we acknowledge and with thanks can tell)
Hath check'd thy Foes, and cheer'd thy Lovers well
This while thou'st left us ; and for *Charles* his sake
Thee from those Foreign Shores with Joy we take.

Thou from Great *Charles* thy Sacred Bloud didst draw,
And *Charles* his Bloud all *English* Hearts doth awe.
Thee we respect for *Him* ; and surely those
That *Thee* neglect would *Majesty* oppose.
Heav'n rais'd thy Grace a Prop to *England's* Throne,
And all love *Thee* that would preserve their Own.

Go to thy Father, *Monmouth* ; He can shew
What Love his Subjects to thy Worth do owe :
To *Him* as God our Pray'rs at first we send ;
Then thou our Wishes hast because his Friend.

O that my Thoughts that Joy could understand,
That fills each Heart since thou hast touch'd our Land !
O that my Pen those Raptures could recite,
Which thy dear Presence in our Hearts doth write !
But Thoughts and Pens and Tongues are all too weak ;
Guns, Bells, and Bonfires best our meaning speak.

Cambridge exults at thy revers'd Exile ;
Cambridge ! alas, Thou gladdest all our Isle :
All those large Realms o're which thy Father sways
Are glad at thy good Fate in these sad days.
Next Heav'n and *Charles* we trust in *Thee* alone,
Since thou next Heav'n defendest *Charles* his Throne.

Bless me, where am I ! In no place can spy
That hath no joyful Heart, or smiling Eye,
Or shouting Tongue, whose Volleys rend the Sky.
O may this Omen of our Joy foretell
That *England* shall from thy Return do well !
O may this Tide of Mirth o'erswell its Banks,
To *Charles* in Loyalty, to Heav'n in Thanks !

Long, O too long have Foreign Lands detain'd
Thy wish'd for Self ! Long have our Foes prophan'd
Good *Charles* his Mercy when *He* sent thee hence,
And call'd that *Justice* which was thy Defence.
Yet what Defence indeed could *Monmouth* want,
Whose Conscience is of proof, whom none can daunt
In Arms ; whose Force our *English* Seas secur'd ;
And who (though banish'd) was with Hearts immur'd.
Here thou hast been, though thou hast been away ;
Here still, though Absent till this Happy Day. (sent,

Lord, what said *France* ? What Shouts to Heav'n she
When *Monmouth* first she heard in Banishment ?
Lord, what said *Scotland*, (Rebel *Scots* I mean)
When this Great *Hero* was at *Utrecht* seen ?
What fresh Alarms did Conventicles breath ?
How did they wait for more Archbishops death ?
But what said *England* ? Oh what Tears she shed ?
How did her Face grow pale, her Eyes grow red ?
How did she lose her Heart, and hang her Head ?
" *Monmouth*, (said she) ah *Monmouth* now is gone !
And more she said ----- But *England*, leave thy moan,
Monmouth's return'd again, *Monmouth's* come home ;
With *Monmouth* Joy, and Peace, and Quiet's come.
Where fly ye Papists ? ----- Oh they fly to *Rome*. }

Hail Sacred *Charles* ! By Heav'n 'twas thus design'd,
Thy Bloud shall all these Evil Spirits bind ;
Allay our Terrors, and assuage our Grief,
And to our dying Weal send kind relief.
What to thy Son we give we owe to thee,
Our Joy, our Health, Wealth, and Security ;
For Thou gavest *Him* by whom these things we see.
May *Charles* as well in his true *Monmouth* trust
As *English* Verse to *Monmouth's* Name is just.

Vive le Roy & le Duc de Monmouth.

F I N I S.